Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue pacience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
*May.* God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
*Glo.* In saying so you shall but say the truth.
*Buc.* Then I salute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
*May.* Amen.
*Buc.* To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
*Glo.* Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
*Buc.* To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
*Glo.* Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle freinds. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Dutchesse of Gloucester at another doore.*

*Dut.* Who meets vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?
*Qu.* Sister well met, whither away so fast?
*Dut. Glo* No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
*Qu.* Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.

*Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.*

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
*Lieu.* Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged the contrary.
*Qu.* The King? why, who's that?
*Lieu.* I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
*Qu.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me: